

Out In The Open

Out in the open, I long to be free,
Where the song that I hear is the song of the sea,
And the voice that I list to is soothing and sweet,
Away from the sound of the tramping of feet,
Not urging me ceaselessly into the fray,
Not spurring me ever to work when I 'd play;
Not picturing fame with its wealth and its power,
And the glory to be in my conquering hour,
But a voice that is tender and soothing and low,
That bids me to rest and to live as I go.

Out in the open, I long to be free,
To lazily dream in the shade of a tree,
To gaze into space where are pictures that soothe
Of life as a river, unruffled and smooth;
Not men at the forges, not men at the plows,
Not men winning wealth by the sweat of their brows,
Not men sore of muscle and weary of brain,
Unwilling to pause lest another should gain
The heights they are seeking, but men who can rest
And know that in living the dreaming is best.

Out in the open, I long to be free,
Away from the haunts of the glories to be,
To tune my poor soul to the song of a star,
And live for a while in the glories that are;
To rest when I 'm weary and drop from the strife,
Content with the blessings God gives us with life,
Not bound to the forge or the plow by a chain
That keeps men at work for the glory of gain,
No slave to the future, too frightened to rest,
But living the present and finding it blest.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)